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VERSIONS FROM HAFIZ

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AN ESSAY IN PERSIAN METRE.

BY

WALTER LEAF

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TO

EDMUND GOSSE

SOMETIME PRESIDENT OF THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB

My dear Gosse,

Were it not that an attribution of paternity might seem to make you answerable for faults which are none of yours, I should in all honour address you as the "onlie begetter" of the ensuing versions. But you will, at least, allow me to thank you for your maieutic art, for the encouragement and criticism without which this little book would never have seen the light.

Yours ever,
Walter Leaf.

March 10th, 1898.

The Sunrise calls to the Sunset,
The West to the Eastern Sun;
And the melodies of the Dawn-Star
And the Evening Star are one.

The Wine of Jamshid sparkles,
Though Jamshid's race be run;
The bulbul wails to the rose-bud,
And Wine and Bulbul are one.

The veil of the mystic Ringlets
Of darkness and light is spun;
We love, as loved our Hafiz—
The veiled Beloved is one.

INTRODUCTION

I

Shams-ud-din Mohammad of Shiraz, surnamed Hafiz,[1] was born early in the fourteenth century, and died most probably in A.D. 1389, almost certainly not later than A.D. 1391. A large portion, perhaps the best, of his work was done in late life, and allusions to his advanced age are very common in the odes. He is an exact contemporary of Chaucer in his prime.

But, unlike Chaucer, he marks not the dawn, nor even the midday, but rather the sunny afternoon of a great national literature. The Golden Age of Persian poetry is commonly reckoned to have lasted over five centuries, from the eleventh to the fifteenth. If in the language of the West, somewhat strained, it must be admitted, for the purpose, we take the tenth and eleventh centuries, with Rudagi, Firdausi and Khayyam, to represent the "archaic" stage, then the twelfth and

[1] Hāfiz, literally "Guardian," is a title given to those who have the Koran by heart. It is a common name, and one of the odes in the Divan is, according to the commentator Sudi, the work of another Hafiz, of Tabriz. The fame of Shams-ud-din has, however, so completely outshadowed that of every other Hafiz that there is no real ambiguity to be feared.

thirteenth will be the "classical" epoch, with Nizami, Anwari, Khakani, Attar, Jelal-ud-din Rumi, and Sadi for its great names; Hafiz stands pre-eminent as the representative of "romanticism" in the fourteenth, while Jami, with his flashes of sunset glow, is the autumn evening which ushers in the night of decadence in the fifteenth.

Hafiz lived through troublous times, and once at least saw his beloved Shiraz in the hands of enemies, and his king expelled. Several of his odes reflect the joy with which Sultan Mansur was welcomed back to his capital after the expulsion of the Turkoman invaders. Others, written in a tone of deep depression, seem to belong to this or similar periods of national disaster. But, on the whole, Hafiz must have lived an easy-going Epicurean life, not greatly concerned in politics, not overburdened by his position of teacher of the Koran in a college which had been founded for his benefit, and, if tradition is to be believed, such a scandal to the orthodox that at his death religious rites were almost refused to his body.[1]

Unfortunately it is now impossible to date even approximately the different odes other than those which thus refer to current events, or allude to the reigning Shah, generally either Mansur or Shuja, or his Viziers, of whom Kawam-ud-din and Turanshah are the most commonly named. The order of com-

[1] I am glad to be able to refer those who would know more of Hafiz and his times to the full and instructive Introduction prefixed to Miss Lowthian Bell's "Poems from the Divan of Hafiz" (Heinemann, 1897).

position has been entirely merged in the traditional arrangement of the "Divan" or complete collection, where the odes are grouped under the final letters of the rhyme. The Persian poet's ambition is that his Divan should be complete, containing rhymes ending in each of the letters of the alphabet. The Divan of Hafiz does not quite satisfy this condition, a few of the rarer Arabic letters being omitted; but the 600 odes or so of which it consists are a rare monument of lyric fertility.

It is characteristic alike of the slow movement of the East and of the intrinsic greatness of the poet that Hafiz should still be the best-loved singer of all lands where the beautiful Persian tongue is the familiar language of the polite or the vulgar—of all lands, that is, where the Mohammedan tradition now reigns. Hafiz is still chanted by the boatmen of the Ganges and commented upon by the learned of Constantinople, copied in ornate manuscripts for the nobles of Delhi and lithographed for the many in Calcutta and Alexandria at once.

Strangest of all, across half a millennium of time and 3,000 miles of space, across the far deeper abyss of thought and faith, of inheritance and aim, of art and language so far apart that it might seem that no electric current could bridge the gap, Hafiz still speaks and sings to Western ears. In other words, he has the one great gift, the "That" as he himself calls it, the *Je ne sais quoi*, the gift of Charm. Like some few others, and notably like Horace, he casts the maddening spell which drives those who come under

it to translate him as best they may. To succumb to the spell means failure certainly, perhaps despair. "That" is far too subtle to survive the stranger's touch. Yet I too have succumbed like the rest.

II

"It has always been my creed," says the late Mr. J. A. Symonds[1]—and none had a better right to speak—"that a good translation should resemble a plaster-cast, the English being *plaqué* upon the original, so as to reproduce its exact form, although it cannot convey the effects of bronze or marble, which belong to the material of the work of art."

Now those who want them have not far to seek for translations of Hafiz. In English alone they may find in Robinson and Bicknell, in Colonel Clarke and Mr. J. H. McCarthy, and yet more recently in the graceful renderings of Miss Lowthian Bell, something of the mystic sensuousness of Hafiz, something of his passion and sorrow, something even of his supreme artistic mastery of words. They may scent in our Western winds the aroma from his Eastern garden, perfumed with musk of Tartary; they may gaze on the flame of rose and tulip, or taste of the tart and heady Persian wine, and wind their fingers in the ringlets of the Beloved. But to the fifth sense of hearing not one, I think, has attempted to appeal, and the song of the Bulbul of Shiraz has fallen upon European ears only

[1] "Wine, Women and Song," p. 38.

in measures transformed at best, often only in the wingless words of prose.

But for Hafiz, at least as much as for any poet, form is of the essence of his poetry. More indeed than for the poets whom we know best. We have learnt from our Greek masters to seek the unity of a poem in the thought or mood developed in it. Whether sensuous or intellectual, the unity is internal and essential. To a Persian poet this is not so; and that is a hard lesson which we must learn before we can do full justice to Eastern art. In the Persian ode we find a succession of couplets often startling in their independence, in their giddy transitions from grave to gay, from thought to mood. To the Persian each couplet is a whole in itself, a *nukta*, or "point," sufficiently beautiful if it be adequately expressed, and not of necessity owing anything or adding anything to that which comes before or after. It is from the common metre and common rhyme alone that the ode gains a formal unity. As Eastern poets are never tired of telling us, the making of an ode is the threading of pearls upon a string; the couplet is the pearl, round and smooth and perfect in itself, the metre is but the thread which binds them all together.

Not, of course, that the ode is of necessity thus discursive and, to our minds, incoherent. Nature provides that even the poet carried outside himself shall often at least preserve a coherent mood, shall be dominated for awhile by one strong thought; only it is not to the East, as it is to most of us, a condition of perfect work that this should be the case. Many of the

odes of Hafiz are as connected in thought as an ode of Horace; but this does not in itself constitute to the Persian a claim to beauty. The most famous of all is, perhaps, that here numbered IV; and in none is the sense of remoteness due to the absence of a connecting link between the couplets more perplexing to our minds. The lyric poetry of Persia is indeed a reflexion of the minds of those who sang it—sensual, mystic, recalling the voluptuous dreams of Hashish, the flashes of intuition wherein the Godhead reveals himself in momentary blinding visions to the ecstatic drunk with wine, be it of Heaven or of Earth.

To this extreme discursiveness of matter the rigid frame of the metre supplies a corrective. Each line of the ode from first to last is in one measure; each couplet closes with the same rhyme. Where the thought is the most discursive, the framework is often the most rigid; in this same No. IV, for instance, the metre is but the constant repetition of a single foot of four syllables. Thus the metre is not merely the outer bond of union; it is an insistent reminder of law where the spirit tends to be most lawless, the bodily tie which binds the visionary down lest he lose himself utterly in the infinite. We miss the rise and fall of hexameter and pentameter, of Alcaic and Sapphic; we miss the countless interchange of rhymes of our own lyric measures. A Persian might perhaps tell us, "You fetter the spirit, I fetter only the form; it is the metre, not the vision, which should be tightest bound by the rules of Number and of Logic."

For all these reasons it seems worth while to make

an attempt, however poor, to give English readers some idea of this most intimate and indissoluble bond of spirit and form in Hafiz. And with it all, one must try to convey some faint reminder of the fact that Hafiz is, as few poets have been, a master of words and rhythms. The variety of his rhythms will be seen from the table which I append to this Introduction, but the music of his words in the end defies the translator. Here are the translucent sparkle of the marble, the subtle reflexion and patina of the bronze, which the plaster-cast must needs renounce in despair. Playing on all the modulations of a language naturally most musical, Hafiz has under his fingers all the echoes, the chords and overtones of assonance and rhyme. The imitation of this is but a hopeless task. All that can be attempted is to render in English some distant echo of the lilt of his metres. These may march or trip, they may trill or wail; but whatever they do, they sing. Their tunes are unmistakable, even to ears yet hardly grown familiar with the language. Here lies the temptation to render them into English.

But the mechanical difficulties of the task are not light. In Persian it is a small task to find eight or ten rhymes to most words, and by no means impossible to find twenty, thirty, forty, to many—in some of the verbal terminations indeed there are almost as many rhymes as there are verbs in the language. Few odes can be translated with less than eight rhymes; and this involves in English a serious limitation of vocabulary, especially when, as happens

in many metres, it is absolutely essential that the rhymes should be double. One ode of Hafiz has twenty-eight rhymes in *-aram*. Another has forty-four in *-ān gīrad*. But fortunately these exceed by far the normal limits of the *ghazal:* the traditional number of couplets, from five or six to ten or twelve, is a sufficient tax upon the resources of English, when the choice of words is not with the writer, but is limited by the text which he has to follow.

Persian rhyming rules are nearly the same as in English; but one or two differences may be noted. It is not forbidden to use the same rhyme twice over —indeed, where the rhyming word can be used in a slightly different sense, it is rather an elegance to do so. Of this licence, while accepting the restraints of Persian rules, I have occasionally thought it permissible to avail myself, though, I think, rather more sparingly than Hafiz.

Another striking peculiarity in Persian verse is a fondness for including in the rhyme a word or more repeated throughout. Thus in the rhyme *-ān gīrad* the verb *gīrad*, "takes," is virtually a refrain, and in English we might be inclined to print it as a separate line. Several instances of this have been reproduced in the following translations. In the first two odes the refrain is quite exceptionally long, filling a whole half-line. The same two odes stand alone, too, in Hafiz, in having an elaborate system of internal rhymes carried through them. Such internal rhymes occur sporadically in other odes, as, for instance, in XXV, but are here no more than a super-

fluous ornament to be dropped at convenience, a slight extension of the assonance of which the Persian makes such large use, in prose even more than in verse. I have not always reproduced them where they are found in the original, but, on the other hand, I have not felt bound to avoid them in one or two cases where they offered themselves in translation, though not in the Persian.

A third peculiarity of Persian rhyme is almost incapable of reproduction in English. Though the rhyme generally begins with a long or accented syllable, as with us, it need not do so. In the double rhyme *-aram*, mentioned above, the first syllable is short and unaccented. So in No. XIX the rhyme is not in three syllables, as I have made it, but in two only, *-atam*. I have tried, without much satisfaction, to use the unaccented syllable for the rhyme in one ode only, No. XXI, where the verbal termination *-eth* is used to rhyme with *breath* and *death*.

Persian metre, like Greek and the Latin imitations of Greek, is based entirely upon quantity. The rules as to length by position and nature are very similar to those of Greek and Latin. For purposes of rendering in English, however, Persian has this advantage over Greek, that on the whole the stress very closely coincides with quantity,[1] or at least the chief stress rarely falls upon any but a long syllable. An English-

[1] For the information contained in this paragraph, as well as for much invaluable criticism and instruction, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. G. Browne, of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

man reading Persian poetry thus falls naturally into the swing. But when a Persian reads or recites poetry, he makes the natural cadences and intonations of the spoken language entirely subservient to the rendering of the rhythm—an Englishman would say that he used an exaggerated "sing-song." A Persian would have no sympathy whatever with the idea we often encounter, that blank verse should be so read as to resemble prose. Gifted with a most delicate ear, his temptation is to say, "Take care of the sounds, and the sense may take care of itself." He "mouths out his hollow oes and aes" with a more than Tennysonian fullness. "The most pronounced method of reciting is used in the case of the *Shahnamah*. There are regular Shahnamah chanters who know by heart large portions of the Epic, and recite it in a most peculiar and sonorous cadence which always recalls to me the roar of surf on a beach."[1] If this half-musical intonation be imagined, and those I think who heard Lord Tennyson read "Maud" will be able to guess at what it is, I believe that in most cases the natural rise and fall of my lines will give some distant hint of their original.

Into the rules of Persian prosody this is not the place to enter.[2] The metres must, so far as I have succeeded in rendering them, speak—I wish I could say "sing"—for themselves. The table will show that they do not in any case exactly correspond with those we know in Greek or Latin, though they often approach them. For instance, No. 1 differs only in the variable first syllable and the last foot from

[1] E. G. Browne

[2] See p. 21 below.

Horace's "Miserarumst neque amori dare ludum neque dulci," and No. 4 may be regarded as a trochaic tetrameter catalectic, except that it has in the second half of every foot a compulsory instead of a permissible spondee. No. 12 is a hendecasyllabic line without the first syllable, and No. 15 reproduces one of the Anacreontic metres:

μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ, ὅτι δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων.

It will readily be seen that in the rendering of quantity I have been content in the main to follow accent; stressed syllables are regarded as long, unstressed generally as short. Many experiments have convinced me that this is the only method by which I, at all events, could give an idea of the Persian rhythm. It is no doubt possible to write quantitative verse in English—Tennyson has done it indeed in perfection, but on so small a scale as hardly to give great encouragement. English ears being what they are—and it is impossible to disregard the fact that for this purpose they have been mainly trained by "Evangeline"—nothing can be made of quantity divorced from stress; this, at least, Cayley's "homometrical" translation of the "Iliad" has proved. I have therefore accepted all stressed syllables as long, but where a choice has offered itself I have preferred to use a vowel long by nature or position.

With short syllables the case is different. It is not possible to treat all unstressed syllables as short, partly because to an ear of ordinary delicacy a dactyl such as "forest pri-" is intolerable, partly because

many Persian metres so abound in long syllables that the English language will not supply stress enough to reproduce them. In the metres numbered in the Table 4 and 6, for instance, there are three longs, and in 17 four, to every short. In these and others I have taken some account of metrical quantity as well as of stress. But I have not been bound by the Latin laws of position. While some unstressed syllables in English are obviously short, and others, either from the value of the vowel or from the quantity of consonantal matter included in them, are just as obviously long, in a large majority the quantity is uncertain. If we pronounce them as in ordinary speech, they are short; if we give them the full enunciation of solemn reading, they are long. In lyric poetry the one pronunciation is, I think, as permissible as the other; in many cases the shorter value is, in spite of appearance, the more correct. The whole matter reduces itself to a compromise, where right and wrong can only be decided by the ear in practice, and are not to be settled by rules in books.

Take, for instance, one of the commonest of all words, "and." It is well known to students of phonetics, though not perhaps generally recognized,[1]

[1] The same may be said of the rule, which is universally true for the standard English pronunciation, that *the consonant "r" is never pronounced before a consonant or mute vowel.* "Dawn" and "morn" make an absolutely perfect rhyme, and it is by a purely conventional tradition that hands of horror are held up against it as "Cockney." Nine out of ten persons will say that they pronounce the "r" in *morn.* This shows one of two things—either that they have a provincial accent, or, which is generally

that in our southern English speech, which must be taken for the standard of pronunciation, the "d" of "and" is never pronounced except before a vowel. Before a consonant the word becomes "an" or even "'n". In order to maintain the balance of speech, the little word is kept equally short even before a vowel, and in place of "and" we hear in common talk only "'nd". A quantitative system which regards "and" as necessarily long, according to the Latin rules, is therefore phonetically false, and at the same time sins against the laws of English euphony and intonation, which require this word, except for rare purposes of special emphasis, to be kept in the background.[1] In the case of many prepositions this fact is often recognized, and when Browning writes "o'" and "i'" for "of" and "in," he is only giving typographical form to a few instances of a rule which has a far wider application. It seems to me better to leave the benevolent reader to "dock the smaller parts o' speech" for himself. Had I followed Browning's rule I ought to have written, for instance, in XV, line 4, "a thous'n' taunts"; for so the reader, whether benevolent or not, will infallibly read, and justify my scansion.

the real explanation, that they have not trained their ears to recognize pronunciation, and allow their eyes to mislead them with the spelling. "Half" is not, I believe, considered a "Cockney" rhyme to "staff." Where is the difference?

[1] For instance, in the second line of IV "Bokhārā town and Samarcand" better represents to my ear ⏑ – – – ⏑ – – – than the obvious alternative "Samarcand and Bokhārā town," which is quantitatively exact.

But, after all, to the benevolent reader I must appeal. Both quantity and accent are in many cases what the English reader makes them. "My" can be read either as "mai" or "mĭ"; both forms are common. Stress is largely rhetorical, and depends on the whole aspect in which the reader views the sentence rather than on any inherent property of an individual word. When all is said, quantity cannot be rendered in English metre; it can at best but be vaguely imitated. Those who will can always make metres such as these halt; but I think it will hardly be worth their while to do so. The game is so easy that it can scarcely raise a smile.

Of the form of the *ghazal*, or ode, apart from the metre, there is little to be said; the following specimens will sufficiently exemplify the few rules that govern it. The two lines of the first couplet rhyme with one another and with the second line of every following couplet. The length of the *ghazal* is optional, but it generally contains from five to fifteen couplets. In the last, called the Couplet Royal, the poet introduces his own poetical name or title. He frequently addresses himself, or even refers to himself as though he were not the author, thus at times, as in XIX and XX, being guilty of the offence of "confounding the persons" in a very puzzling manner. The Couplet Royal, like the old French *envoi*, is often addressed to the Sultan or his Vizier; at other times it is made, as, for instance, in XXII, the occasion for a boast of *naïve* extravagance.

The first and the last couplets are thus fixed by

their form; the order of the rest is generally a matter of taste, and two copies will hardly be found to agree in it. In a few instances, where two odes are identical in rhyme as well as in metre, different MSS. will transfer couplets from one to the other with the most complete freedom. In fact the text of Hafiz is in a most deplorable state of critical topsy-turveydom, and variants occur on an astonishing scale. Those who have to deal with Greek and Latin MSS. may well be thankful that their authors have not had to pass through the hands of Oriental copyists.

III

A few words will discharge the last duty incumbent upon the translator of Hafiz—the duty of expressing an opinion as to the supposed mystical significance of the whole of Hafiz' poetry. Do wine and love mean always to him the visionary's ecstasy, and the yearning for union with the Divine essence? A glance at such a spontaneous and simple spring-song as No. X here translated will show that to force such a view in all cases is an outrage alike upon the Muse and Nature. On the other hand, certain odes, such as Nos. VIII and XI, are susceptible of none but a mystic interpretation. Between these extremes lie the majority of the odes, where the possibility of an allegorical significance may be admitted in varying degree. The truth is that sensuality and mysticism are twin moods of the mind, interchanging in certain natures with an

inborn ease and celerity mysterious only to those who have confined their study of human nature to the conventional and the commonplace. Hardly conscious themselves of the accepted antithesis, such carnal-spiritual minds delight to express themselves in terms of spontaneous ambiguity, for this very ambiguity lies at the roots of their being. Even in the West in our own day we can point to such a man as Paul Verlaine, swaying between unbridled licence and intensest religious fervour. Of more than one of his poems one may doubt if the fleshly or the mystic interpretation is the truer; and in the Persia of the fourteenth century this union of apparent irreconcilables was fostered and emphasized in every way. The Sufis were an embodied protest against the material and positive religion of the Semitic conquerors. Many generations of Sufi poets had raised to a fine art the trick of expressing their heretical opinions under the forms of Mohammedanism. Hafiz was brought up on Sufi tradition, for all the best minds of Persia, whether Sufi or not, shared in the Aryan tendency to mystic dreaming; Sufi phrases were part of the poetical stock-in-trade. Of all this his poems are a reflexion. We know by tradition that he was, in the eyes of the orthodox, a "notorious evil liver"; we know from himself that he too had his mystic dreams. He shows us—and herein lies his charm, here is the secret of his multitudinous variety within a strangely limited range of matter—he shows us every one of the kaleidoscopic combinations of passion and of ecstasy which flashed upon him as he mingled in

varying proportion the divine and the human Eros, the wine of the tavern and the bowl of Paradise. Fitzgerald, as usual, has hit the mark; Hafiz delighted "to float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either." But at least he was no pious ascetic.

It would be an interesting and fruitful task to trace the parallel between the influence of Sufiism on Persian and of the Bacchic revival on Greek poetry. The resemblance is fundamental—almost an identity. The Dionysiac worship is most familiar to us on its lower and brutal side; but in its other aspect it marks the high tide of religion among the Greeks, and profoundly affected their best spirits. But the fate of the mystic faith was widely different in the East and the West. With us the Jekyll and the Hyde parted company at an early date. The spiritual religion gave birth to the best Greek philosophy, and through Plato and Neo-Platonism can trace a line of descendants down to Christianity and the Athanasian creed; the popular religion, divorced from its loftier element, came to an ignominious end in the "Senatus Consultum de Bacchanalibus," though it has kinship with the sporadic revivals of "Corybantic" worship which are not unknown to us. It has been left for the East to keep the two united, and Hafiz, if not the loftiest, is at least the most artistic expression of their union.

IV

The following table gives, I believe, a complete list of the various metres of Hafiz, as they are found in what is regarded as the standard edition for Europe, that of Brockhaus (Leipzig, 1854). This edition, however, founded on that published at Bulak in A.H. 1250 (A.D. 1834), is very far from complete; for instance, it omits the most popular of all the odes, that beginning *Mutrib-i khush-navā bigū*, here translated as No. I.[1] So far as I am aware Brockhaus never fulfilled his promise to publish in an Appendix these missing odes; nor are they given by Rosenzweig, to whose masterly German translation of the Divan[2] I, like many another student, owe the best of what I have learnt of Hafiz.

The metres are given in the order of their popularity with Hafiz, as evidenced by the number of times he employs them. In parentheses I add the references to the translations in which they are represented. I may take this opportunity of saying that my choice of odes has been guided chiefly by the wish to exhibit the variety of Hafiz' metre, and limited by my inability to do so in the case of many which, on the ground of their own merit, I should have liked to include.

[1] No. II is another omitted ode.

[2] "Der Diwan des grossen lyrischen Dichters Hafis" . . . von Vincenz Ritter v. Rosenzweig-Schwannau. Wien, 1858 (3 vols.).

1.	⏑̄ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑̄ ⏑ – (vi, xi)	occurs 159 times.
2.	⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑̄ ⏑ – (v, x, xv, xxii)	„ 142 „
3.	– – ⏑ – ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – – ⏑ – ⏑ – (viii, xvi, xix)	„ 79 „
4.	– ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – (vii, xvii)	„ 40 „
5.	⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – (xx)	„ 27 „
6.	⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – (iv)	„ 25 „
7.	– – ⏑ – ⏑ – – ‖ – – ⏑ – ⏑ – – (iii, xxiv)	„ 23 „
8.	– – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – (ix)	„ 21 „
9.	⏑̄ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – | ⏑̄ ⏑ – (xxvi)	„ 11 „
10.	– ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – – | – ⏑ – (xxi)	„ 10 „
11.	– ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – | – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – (i, ii, xxv)	„ 9 „
12.	– – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – – (xii)	„ 8 „
13.	– – ⏑ ⏑ – – – | – – ⏑ ⏑ – – – (xxvii)	„ 5 „

14.	⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – –	occurs 5 times.
15.	⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – –	„ 4 „
	(XIII)	
16.	– – ⏑ – – | – – ⏑ – –	„ 3 „
	(XXIII)	
17.	– ⏑ ⏑ – | – ⏑ – | – ⏑ ⏑ – | – ⏑ –	„ 2 „
18.	– – ⏑ – | – – ⏑ – | – – ⏑ – | – – ⏑ –	„ 2 „
19.	– ⏑ ⏑ – | – ⏑ – | ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – –	„ 2 „
20.	– ⏑ ⏑ – | – ⏑ ⏑ – | – ⏑ –	„ 1 „
	(XVIII)	
21.	⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – –	„ 1 „
22.	⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ –	„ 1 „
	(XIV)	
23.	– – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – ⏑ – ⏑ – –	„ 1 „
24.	– ⏑ – ⏑ – – – || – ⏑ – ⏑ – – –	„ 1 „
	(XXVIII)	

This list, with the addition of one purely Arabic ode in Arabic metre, accounts for the 573 *ghazals* which, with 69 *Rubáiyát* and a considerable number of other poems, long and short, form the published Divan of Hafiz. The complete Divan probably contains over 50 more *ghazals,* as well as one or two other poems of considerable length.

Those who may endeavour to scan the Persian couplets at the head of each ode will need to bear in mind a metrical rule peculiar to Persian. It may be

stated with sufficient accuracy as follows: "A syllable which is doubly long by position, as containing either a short vowel followed by three consonants, or a long vowel followed by two, is treated as a trochee." Thus, in the lines at the head of II, *kard ki* is scanned - ᴗ ᴗ, the *a* being doubly long by position, and *yār kard* - ᴗ -. In fact, an Indian would actually read the refrain *karda ki karda yāra kard;* but the more subtle ear of the native Persian is satisfied with the consonantal sound, unsupported by any parasitic vowel, as representing the extra *mora*. It must be added that *n*, after a long vowel, does not count as a consonant, being, like the Latin final *m*, only the sign of nasalization. On the other hand ' and ', representing consonantal *'alif*, and *'ain*, are to be treated as consonants making position; so, for instance, in IV, the ' of *'ān* lengthens the preceding syllable.

To assist those who may wish to refer to the originals, I have given in each case, after the first two, the reference to the number of the ode in Brockhaus's edition, and to the volume and page of Rosenzweig's.

I

– ᴗ ᴗ – ᴗ – ᴗ – || – ᴗ ᴗ – ᴗ – ᴗ –

Mutrib-i khush-navā bigū tāza ba-tāza, nū ba-nū,
Bāda-i dil-kushā bijū, tāza ba-tāza, nū ba-nū.
(*MS.*)

1 Minstrel, awake the sound of glee, joyous and eager, fresh and free;
Fill me a bumper bounteously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

2 O for a bower and one beside, delicate, dainty, there to hide;
Kisses at will to seize and be joyous and eager, fresh and free.

3 Sweet is my dear, a thief of hearts; bravery, beauty, saucy arts,
Odours and unguents, all for me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

4 How shall the fruit of life be thine, if thou refuse the fruitful vine?
Drink of the vine and pledge with me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

5 Call me my Saki silver-limbed, bring me my goblet silver-rimmed;
Fain would I fill and drink to thee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

6 Wind of the West, if e'er thou roam, pass on the way my fairy's home;
Whisper of HAFIZ am'rously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

II

– ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – || – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –

Mihr-i marā zi dil ba-dar kard — ki kard? — yār kard.
Bā man-i khasta dil digar kard — ki kard? — yār kard.
(*MS.*)

1 Whose was the heart my love to slight? Thine was the deed, O love, my love;
Whose to bewray the broken wight? Thine was the deed, O love, my love.

2 Sweet was the day, in glory dight, day unto day more passing bright;
Now is the day more dark than night; thine is the deed, O love, my love.

3 Yesterday morn, when dawn was white, entered my soul's desire, to plight
Promise of love and love's delight; thine was the deed, O love, my love.

4 "Yield me a kiss," I cried, "forthright! Silver and gold thy kiss requite!"
Ah, the sweet lips, the smile of might! Thine was the deed, O love, my love.

5 Now lack-a-day, the doleful plight! Silver and gold have taken flight;
Treason is wrought in love's despite; thine is the deed, O love, my love.

6 Parting has come, my heart to blight, tears of my heart's blood blind my sight.
HAFIZ is fallen; o'er him write, "Thine is the deed, O love, my love."

III

– – ⏑ – ⏑ – – | – – ⏑ – ⏑ – –

Dil mī-ravad zi dastam ; Sāhib-dilān, khudā-rā !
Dardā, ki rāz-i pinhān khwāhad shud āshikārā !
(*No.* 6. *R. i. p.* 16.)

1 All bounds my heart is breaking ; friends, haste to my salvation !
Woe 's me ! My secret hidden cries loud for proclamation.

2 'Mid reefs my bark is grounded ; blow fair, O breeze of mercy ;
Mayhap we win the Friend yet, Love's goal of navigation.

3 This ten-day smile of heaven swift passes like a tale told !
Be gracious while thou mayest, brook not procrastination.

4 That glass of Alexander naught save the bowl of wine was ;
See all Darius' kingdom spread there in revelation.

5 Go to, thou lord of power, do thanks for fortune's dower,
Seek out the poor unfriended, raise up the lowly station.

6 All peace within the two worlds, two words alone assure it,
"Tow'rd lovers loving-kindness, tow'rd foes dissimulation."

7 Ringed round with wine and roses, sweet sang the bulbul yestreen,
"Bring quick the morning goblet ; friends, watch in expectation."

8 All entry men forbid me inside the gate of virtue ;
So, sir, and wilt thou scorn me ? Go, change predestination !

9 More sweet to me than kisses, more soft than maiden's cheeks are,
That bitter named of Sufi, " Dam of abomination."

10 When comes the hour of sadness, turn thou to wine and gladness ;
Kārūns of beggars maketh wine's chemic transmutation.

11 Wine-flecked is Hafiz' cassock, yet not of choice he dons it ;
Ah, Shaikh of hem unspotted, hear thou my exculpation !

IV

⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – ||

Agar 'ān Turk-i Shīrāzī ba-dast ārad dil-ī mā-rā
Ba-khāl-ī hinduvash bakhsham Samarkand ū Bukhārā-rā.
(*No.* 8. *R. i. p.* 24.)

1 An if yon Turk of Shīrāz land this heart would take to hold in fee,
Bokhārā town and Samarcand to that black mole my dower should be.

2 Ho, Sākī, pour the wine-flask dry; in Eden's bowers we ne'er shall find
Musallā's rosy bed, nor streams of Ruknābād's delightsome lea.

3 Alack, these saucy Lūlīs, dear beguilers that the town embroil,
The wantons tear the heart-strings as the Turks their plunder-banquetry.

4 On our frail love the Loved One's pure perfection no dependence knows;
Can unguent, powder, paint and patch embellish faces fair, pardie?

5 Be wine and minstrel all thy theme; beware, nor plumb the deeps of fate;
For none hath found, nor e'er shall find by wit, that great enigma's key.

6 Of that fair favour Joseph wore, to make more fair the day, we know;
For him love bade Zulaikhā tear apart her veil of pudency.

7 Thy words were hard, yet I submit; forgive thee God! Thy words were good;
The tart response beseemeth well the honeyed ruby lips of thee.

8 Give ear, my life! Perpend my words; for more dear e'en than life itself
To youth, so blest of Fortune, speaks the sage advice of ancientry.

9 The ode is made, the pearls are strung; go, HAFIZ, sweetly sing thy lay;
With jewels from the Pleiad crown doth Heav'n engem thy minstrelsy.

V

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ –

Shigufta shud gul-i hamrā, va gasht bulbul mast;
Salā-yi sar-khushi, ai Sūfiyān-i bāda-parast.

(*No.* 43. *R. i. p.* 110.)

1 Aflame with bloom is the red rose, the bulbul drunk with spring ;
What ho, adorers of wine ! Hear the call to mirth that they fling.

2 The corner stone of repentance that seemed a rock firm-set
Is rent and riven asunder by touch of glasses a-ring.

3 Fill high the bowl with the red wine, for here in Liberty Hall
The sage is one with the toper, the ploughman e'en as the king.

4 From out this Hostel of Two Doors the signal calls us away,
Alike if low be the roof-tree or lofty dome upspring.

5 We conquer only through anguish the resting-place of delight ;
To life, by bond of Alast-vow, the long Alas must cling.

6 With IS and IS NOT annoy not thy heart ; be merry of soul,
For IS NOT is but the last end of ev'ry perfect thing.

7 The fame of Asaph, the wind-steed, the speech with birds of the air
As wind have passed ; to their master no more avail shall they bring.

8 No pinion heavenward soaring desire ; the arrow aloft
Shall sink to dust in the end, howsoe'er it leap on the wing.

9 What thanks and praises, O HAFIZ, shall yield the tongue of thy pen,
That all the songs of thy singing from mouth to mouth men sing!

VI

⏓ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏓ ⏑ – |

Zulf 'āshufta va khwai-karda va khandān-lab u mast
Pīrahan chāk u ghazal-khwān u surāhī dar dast.
(*No.* 44. *R. i. p.* 112.)

1 Wild of mien, chanting a love-song, cup in hand, locks disarrayed,
Cheek beflushed, wine-overcome, vesture awry, breast displayed,

2 With a challenge in that eye's glance, with a love-charm on the lip,
Came my love, sat by my bedside in the dim midnight shade:

3 O'er my ear bending, my love spake in a sad voice and a low,
"Is it thus, spite of the old years, lover mine, slumber-bewrayed?"

4 To the wise comes there a cup, fired of the night, pressed to the lip;
An he bow not to the Wine Creed, be he writ Love's renegade.

5 Go thy way, saint of the cell, flout not the dreg-drainer again;
In the first hour of the world's birth was the high hest on us laid.

6 Whatsoe'er potion His hand pours in the bowl, that will we quaff,
Heady ferment of the Soul-world, or the grape-must unallayed.

7 Ah, how oft, e'en as with Hafiz, hath the red smile of the vine
And the curled ringlet on Love's cheek a repentance unmade!

VII

– ᴗ – – | – ᴗ – – | – ᴗ – – | – ᴗ – ||

Sahn-i bustān zauk-bakhsh ū suhbat-i yārān khush ast;
Vakt-i gul khush bād, kaz vai vakt-i mai-khwārān khush ast.

(*No.* 52. *R. i. p.* 132.)

1 'Mid companions dear to wander round the garden ground is best;
Bless the rose-time; then the topers' board with roses wound is best.

2 Now the west wind, breathing odours, fills the fainting soul with bliss;
Truly, say I, ev'ry perfume from the fragrance-crowned is best.

3 Lo, the rose all busked for farewell, ere her veil yet scarce is drawn;
Wail, O bulbul, plead thy heart's need; sure the deep-drawn sound is best.

4 All the world-mart sells no gladness; at the best, if mirth be found,
'Tis the vintners'; seek the wine-shop; whatso there is found is best.

5 'Twas the lily's voice that warned me, 'twas the sweet-tongued lily-voice,
"In this outworn world of burdened souls the load light bound is best."

6 On the night bird's wail a blessing! All along this path of love
Hearts are waking; yea, the wailing voice of wakers round is best.

7 Go, my Hafiz, cut the world off; there 's the one sure path to bliss;
Cease to deem their lot that hold sway o'er the world's wide bound is best.

VIII

- - ⏑ - ⏑ - | ⏑ ⏑ - - ⏑ - ⏑ -

Rūy-ī tu kas na dīd, u hazārat rakīb hast;
Dar ghuncha-ī hanūz u sadat ‘andalīb hast.

(*No.* 79. *R. i. p.* 198.)

1 No man thy face hath seen, yet the thronged wooers press around;
Unblossomed yet the bud, but the bulbuls thy glory sound.

2 Not strange the way, I ween, if my feet tow'rd thy fane I turn;
Strangers with me, a thousand arow, tread the holy ground.

3 Though far from thee I linger, as none far from thee should be,
Still aye the hope is near, for my steps toward the goal are bound.

4 Not far apart are love of the wine-house and cloister love;
No place but there the sheen of the Friend's face for light is found.

5 Yea, where the faithful glory in Islām and dervish cell,
E'en there the Cross is named and the monk's cloister gongs resound.

6 What lover e'er hath been, but the Friend cast a glance on him?
Yea, Lord, no sickness is but the Leech comes, with healing crowned.

7 Hafiz, thy cry for aid in the end riseth not for naught;
Strange, passing strange the story, a soul's wonder-tale profound.

IX

– – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – |

Yā Rab, sababī sāz ki yāram ba-salāmat
Bāz āyad u birhānadam az chang-i malāmat.
(*No.* 84. *R. i. p.* 212.)

1 Lord, send me my love back to me; Lord, grant thy protection,
Bring Love to my rescue from the claw-clutch of dejection.

2 Waft here but the road's dust that he treads o'er in the far land;
That dust to my eye, sore with the world, healing confection.

3 Help, help! For on six sides there are snares six to entrap me,
Love's stature and cheek, ringlet and mole, brow and complexion.

4 This day am I yet found in thy hand; kindly entreat me;
Too late on my dust trickle the morn's tears of reflexion.

5 Go, pedant, in peace go! I have no dealing with thy like;
Thinkest to expound love by the school's critic dissection?

6 Woe 's me that the fair slay us, and then call for the blood-price!
What boots it to make plaint of the sword-stroke of affection?

7 Set fire to the monk's cowl, for the arched brows of the Saki
Break down the Imām's altar of o'er-arched genuflexion.

8 Lord grant that I ne'er wail of the hard heart of unkindness;
Hard heart of the fair is but the fair's utter perfection.

9 Vain 'twere to curtail praises of those locks, O my HAFIZ;
Far stretches the chain, far as the last day's resurrection.

X

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑̄ ⏑ – ||

Kunūn ki dar chaman āmad gul az 'adam ba-vujūd
Banafsha dar kadam-ī 'ū nihād sar ba-sujūd.

(*No.* 121. *R. i. p.* 312.)

1 Returns again to the pleasance the rose, alive from the dead;
Before her feet in obeisance is bowed the violet's head.

2 The earth is gemmed as the skies are, the buds a zodiac band,
For signs in happy ascendant and sweet conjunction spread.

3 Now kiss the cheek of the Saki to sound of tābor and pipe,
To voice of viol and harp-string the wine of dawntide wed.

4 The rose's season bereave not of wine and music and love,
For as the days of a man's life her little week is fled.

5 The faith of old Zoroaster renews the garden again,
For lo, the tulip is kindled with fire of Nimrod red.

6 The earth is even as Eden, this hour of lily and rose;
This hour, alas! Not an Eden's eternal dwelling-stead!

7 The rose with Solomon rides, borne aloft on wings of the wind;
The bulbul's anthem at dawn like the voice of David is shed.

8 Fill high the bowl to our lord's name, 'Imād-ud-Din Mahmūd;
Behold King Solomon's Asaph in him incarnated.

9 Beyond eternity's bounds stretch the gracious shade of his might;
Beneath that shadow, O HAFIZ, be thine eternity sped.

XI

⏑̄ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑̄ ⏑ –

Sāl-ha dil talab-ī jām-i Jam az mā mī-kard,
Vānchi khud dāsht zi bīgāna tamannā mī-kard.
(*No.* 123. *R. i. p.* 318.)

1 For the ringed goblet of Jamshīd had my soul made long quest,
Thought of strange hands to require that in its own self it possest;

2 Thought the one pearl that is found not in the Time-shell nor in Place
From the shipwrecked of the sea-shore of the World Ocean to wrest.

3 Thus perplexed, sought I the High Priest of the Magians yestreen,
For he sees keen with the soul's eye to discern riddles unguessed.

4 Glad of heart, laughing, I found him, with a wine-bowl in his hand,
And therein myriad-hued scenes of the world shone expressed.

5 "When," said I, "gave thee the All-maker this Earth-mirroring bowl?"
Answer made he, "In the same hour that the blue vault He dressed.

6 "Lo, the Friend, he that of yore lifted the gallows-tree high,
This his sin was, that the SECRET to the wide world he professed.

7 "Whosoe'er yieldeth his heart, dwelleth in him always God;
Yet he knows naught, yet he sets God far away, far from his breast.

8 "All the sleight juggled by new Reason to-day is as of old;
Sāmirī once with the White Hand and the Rod dared to contest.

9 "All the high deeds of Messias should be wrought yet once more
By a new hand, did the Good Spirit of God speak the behest."

10 "Whereto serve," asked I, "the curled locks of the fair like to a chain?"
He replied, "HAFIZ hath made plaint of a heart mad with unrest."

XII

– – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – –

Yāram chu kadah ba-dast gīrad,
Bāzār-i butān shikast gīrad.

(*No.* 151. *R. i. p.* 402.)

1 What time in his hand the bowl he shaketh,
All worth of the beauty-mart he breaketh.

2 Fish-like in a sea behold me swimming,
Till he with his hook my rescue maketh.

3 All they that behold his drunken eyes' glance
Cry, "Call for the reeve, the drunk that taketh.'

4 When low at his feet I fall complaining,
He raiseth again the heart that acheth.

5 How blest is the soul that like to HAFIZ
All thirst in the Wine of Heaven slaketh!

XIII

⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – – | ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – –

Dil-i mā ba-daur-i rūyash zi chaman firāgh dārad,
Ki chu sarv pāyi-bandast, u chu lāla dāgh dārad.
(*No.* 198. *R. i. p.* 518.)

1 For the garden longs my heart not, when thy radiance it discerneth ;
As a cypress rooted resteth, as a branded tulip burneth.

2 To the arch of arching eyebrows shall my head no more be bent low,
For the hermit-heart of passion to the world no longer turneth.

3 For the hyacinth, I scorn her, that she dares to match thy ringlets;
What a puny worthless black thing, what an impudence she learneth !

4 In the wilderness and dark night whither turn the erring footstep,
But to where thy beauty radiant as a beacon brightly burneth ?

5 With the taper meetly weep I in the dreary hour of dawntide,
For alike we sit consuming, and alike the Loved One spurneth.

6 In the garden walk and mark how, by the rose's throne, the tulip
As a monarch's boon companion, his effulgent cup upturneth.

7 As the cloud of April weep I to behold that in the pleasance
'Tis a nightingale that nesteth, but a crow the glory earneth.

8 With thy eye for torch, thy love-lock in the night my heart doth waylay—
The marauder bold, that such light on his thieving naught concerneth!

9 The enduring heart of HAFIZ but the lore of love desireth,
Hath abjured the thought of splendour, for the garden never yearneth.

XIV

⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ||

Ma-rā mai digar bāra az dast burd;
Shudam sar-khush, ai yār, az īn dast-burd.
(*No.* 225. *R. i. p.* 593.)

1 Again see me vanquished and laid low of wine;
At such glad defeat, dear, I ne'er need repine.

2 So thank we the red juice again and again,
That paints like its own hue this pale face of mine.

3 Bepraised be the kind hand, the full fruit that plucked,
Nor e'er slip the red feet that press out the vine.

4 By Fate o'er my brow love's avouchment was writ;
When Fate holds the pen, who shall e'er blot the line?

5 So prate naught of wisdom; the hour comes for all;
Aristō departs like the Kurd midst the kine.

6 But live so the life, so that when death comes to thee,
They write o'er thy headstone, "He dies not," for sign.

7 Content quaff whate'er bowl the Saki bestows,
Alike take the lees' lees or finest of fine.

8 Begone, false ascetic, nor laugh us to scorn;
What art thou, to pour scorn on creatures divine?

9 Whoe'er like to HAFIZ hath erst quaffed the Bowl
Is filled full of Godhead's quintessence benign.

XV

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑⏑ –

Dilā, bi-sūz, ki sūz-ī tu kār-hā bikunad;
Niyāz-i nīm-shabī daf'-i sad balā bikunad.
(*No.* 234. *R. i. p.* 614.)

1 Consume, my heart, for thy burnings will surely win to the end;
The bitter pray'r of the midnight a hundred ills shall amend.

2 The taunts of him thou adorest, the fairy-faced, endure;
A glance of tenderness outweighs a thousand taunts of the Friend.

3 Whoe'er hath yielded his heart's blood to win the mirroring bowl,
The veil that reaches to earth down from Heav'n availeth to rend.

4 Benign is Love the Physician, Messiah-breathing his breath;
But while he sees not the torments within thee, how shall he tend?

5 So leave the burden in God's hand, be strong and merry of heart;
The foe may reck not of kindness, but God in mercy shall bend.

6 My fortune sleeps, I am heart-sick; yet I at least will watch;
Perchance at opening day-break a prayer on high may ascend.

7 Consumed is Hafiz, and wins not the fragrant locks of his love;
Mayhap the breeze of the West thereunto his leading will lend.

XVI

– – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – ⏑ – ⏑ –

Kāram zi daur-i charkh ba-sāmān na-mī-rasad;
Khūn shud dilam zi dard, u ba-darmān na-mī-rasad.
(*No.* 266. *R. i. p.* 692.)

1 Lo now, my heart to peace, as the years roll, attaineth not,
Turned all to blood for anguish, to health's goal attaineth not.

2 Dog-like in dust I lay me, the dust near thy dwelling-place;
Flows forth my tear, and yet to a crust's dole attaineth not.

3 Woe 's me, my soul for sake of my friend's heart aweary is;
What cheer for cheerless wight that the death-roll attaineth not?

4 All white for endless waiting are waxed Jacob's eager eyes;
Egypt's report to Canaan's tent-pole attaineth not.

5 Needs must a thousand thorns from the earth grow before the rose;
Save thus, the rosy queen to her bloom-stole attaineth not.

6 This thing of all the woe of the world, this to wisdom's heart
Most hard, that wisdom's hand to the feast-bowl attaineth not.

7 See fools exalted high in their pride, high as Heaven's pole;
Save through his groans, the wise to the blue pole attaineth not.

8 HAFIZ, be strong to bear; for in love's path what man so e'er
Dares not to yield his life, to the Soul's Soul attaineth not.

XVII

– ᴗ – – | – ᴗ – – | – ᴗ – – | – ᴗ –

Bar sar-ī bāzār-i jān-bāzān munādī mī-zanīd;
Bishnavīd, ai sākinān-ī kūy-i jānān, bishnavīd.
(*No.* 268. *R. i. p.* 698.)

1 Send the criers round the market, call the royst'rers' band to hear,
Crying, "O yes! All ye good folk through the Loved One's realm, give ear!

2 "Lost, a handmaid! Strayed a while since! Lost, the Vine's wild daughter, lost!
Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger lurks where she is near.

3 "Round her head she wears a foam-crown; all her garb glows ruby-hued.
Thief of wits is she; detain her, lest ye dare not sleep for fear.

4 "Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for sweetmeat all my soul!
Though the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down, go hale her here.

5 "She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame-abandoned, rosy-red;
If ye find her, send her forthright back to
HAFIZ, Balladier."

XVIII

– ∪ ∪ – | – ∪ ∪ – | – ∪ –

Hātifi az gūsha-i mai-khāna dūsh
Guft ki "*Bakhshand gunah ; mai binūsh.*"
(*No.* 333. *R. ii. p.* 146.)

1 Rang through the dim tavern a voice yesterday,
"Pardon for sins ! Drinkers of wine, drink ! Ye may !"

2 Such was the word ; hear the good news, Angel-borne ;
Mercy divine still to the end holds its way.

3 Great are our sins ; greater is God's grace than all ;
Deep are his hid counsels, and who says them nay ?

4 Bear her away, Reason the Dull, tavernwards,
There shall the red wine set her pale veins a-play.

5 Union with Him strife or essay forceth not ;
Yet, O my heart, e'en to the full, strive, essay.

6 Still is my ear ringed of His locks ringleted,
Still on the wine-threshold my face prone I lay.

7 HAFIZ, awake ! Toping no more counts for sin,
Now that our Lord Royal hath put sins away.

XIX

– – ⏑ – ⏑ – | ⏑ ⏑ – – ⏑ – ⏑ –

Bāz āy, Sākiyā, ki havā-khwāh-i khidmat am;
Mushtāk-i bandagī va du'ā-gūy-i daulat am.
(*No.* 374. *R. ii. p.* 228.)

1 Come back, my Saki, come; for of love-service fain am I,
Fate's suppliant, athirst to be bowed 'neath the chain am I.

2 Where through the radiant East of the wine-bowl thy glory dawns,
Rise, light my path; bewildered in life's mazes vain am I.

3 What though the surge of sin be about me to whelm me o'er?
Love's hand shall bear me up; his elect, purged of stain, am I.

4 Flout not the toper's call nor his ill name, O man of law;
What thing soe'er the counsels of God foreordain am I.

5 Drink wine; nor wealth nor will shall avail man the gift of love;
Heir since creation's dawn to the one golden gain am I.

6 What though afar I dwell in the flesh, far from peace and thee;
Natheless in heart and soul in thy court 'mid the train am I.

7 I who from land and home never yet wandered forth abroad,
Fain, but to see thy face, of the wild wave and plain am I.

8 Stand hills and seas between us; arise, Angel Guard, to aid;
Guide thou my steps; a weakling aghast, racked of pain am I.

9 West Wind, if e'er thou breathe of my love's ringlet musky sweet,
West Wind, beware, for jealousy's right hand insane am I.

10 Hafiz beneath thy footstep is yearning to yield his soul;
While life abides, the thrall of my heart's suzerain am I

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XX

⏑ – – – | ⏑ – – – | ⏑ –

Ba-tīgham gar kushad, dastash na gīram ;
Vagar tīram zanad, minnat pazīram.
(*No.* 377. *R. ii. p.* 238.)

1 His hand I stay not, though his falchion slay me;
I praise his mercy, while his bolts affray me.

2 Thine eyebrows' bending bow bid speed the arrow;
Beneath thy feet to die full fain I lay me.

3 When all life's woes arising whelm the foothold,
What comfort save the bowl find I to stay me?

4 Arise, thou Sun of hope, lead forth the dawning,
For these wan shades of absence' night dismay me.

5 With but one drop, my Wine-house Master, aid me;
An old man I, in youth once more array me.

6 By thine own locks an oath I swear, that henceforth
In no spot, save before thy feet, I lay me.

7 O Hafiz, burn the monkish cowl of virtue,
Or e'er these fires that sear my heart bewray me.

XXI

– ᴗ – – | – ᴗ – – | – ᴗ –

Dardam az yār ast u darmān nīz ham;
Dil fadā-yī 'ū shud ū jān nīz ham.
(*No.* 398. *R. ii. p.* 290.)

1 Though he wound me, yet he healeth therewithal;
His my soul is, his my life-breath therewithal.

2 Lo, the charm unnamed surpasseth favour fair;
Fair of face my love, and charmeth therewithal.

3 Either world is but the radiance round his head;
This my voice saith low, and loud saith therewithal.

4 Yea, my friends, though 'neath a veil I speak apart,
Yet my word world-wide resoundeth therewithal.

5 'Tis that eye-glance drunk with love spills all my blood,
'Tis that hair unbound that deals death therewithal.

6 Bear in mind how Love my heart hath sought to pierce,
Law despiseth, treaty breaketh therewithal.

7 Though fruition's nightly joys all pass away,
Yet desire's day dreary passeth therewithal.

8 On the world and world's delights set not the heart,
Nor the restless sky that rolleth therewithal.

9 All alike we quit the old world, one by one;
Beggar dieth, Sultan dieth therewithal.

10 He that wins love fears no judge; fill high the bowl;
Not the Sultan's doom he feareth therewithal;

11 Since the reeve knows well that HAFIZ lives for love,
And the Wise King's Asaph knoweth therewithal.

XXII

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏓ ⏑ –

Namāz-i shām-i gharībān chu giryah āghāzam
Ba-mūyahā-i gharībāna kissa pardāzam.
(*No.* 440. *R. ii. p.* 400.)

1 When as my wailing is heard 'mid the stranger's evening prayer,
With strange lamenting in strange ears the tale of woe I declare.

2 At thought of home and of loved ones so loud I raise my complaint,
The tide of brine overwhelms all the ways wherein men fare.

3 My friends' abode shall be mine, not the strangers' outland realm;
Oh set me back, My Protector, amid my comrades there.

4 My Guide, for love of the Lord, help and lead, that yet once more
Along the street of the wine-house aloft my banner I bear.

5 'Tis not for reason to count up my years, and write me old,
For like a child with a child, so I sport in love with my fair.

6 The winds of West and of North know my heart, none other beyond;
For who, save only the wind, comes my way, my secret to share?

7 The breathing air of my love's home to me is water of life;
Arise and waft me, O West Wind, the dust of Shiraz' air.

8 My falling tear hath bewrayed me; yet how to lay my plaint?
Mine own familiar friend 'tis hath laid my secret bare.

9 Methought I heard in the dawntide the lute of Zuhra sing,
"My skill was taught me of HAFIZ, the sweet beyond compare."

XXIII

– – ᴗ – – || – – ᴗ – –

Chandān ki guftam gham bā tabībān,
Darmān na kardand miskīn gharībān.
(*No.* 446. *R. ii. p.* 418.)

1 What though my woes I tell my physician?
No drug can help poor outcasts' condition.

2 Love's casket knows no seal strong to hold it;
Ah Lord, confound my rivals' ambition.

3 Go tell the rose held fast in the thorn's hands,
"Shame, shame to spurn thy bulbul's petition!"

4 Ah Lord, that friendship once more behold yet
Friend's face, accord me some while remission.

5 Lo, in my friend's ear told I my sickness;
What child of pain but tells his physician?

6 Thou lord of wealth, how long wilt deny me,
Poor me, to share thy banquet's fruition?

7 HAFIZ, thou wert not moonstruck in man's eyes,
Hadst thou but heard wise men's admonition.

XXIV

– – ∪ – ∪ – – || – – ∪ – ∪ – –

Dānī ki chīst daulat? Dīdār-i yār dīdan,
Dar kūy-i 'ū gadā'ī bar khusravī guzīdan.
(*No.* 453. *R. ii. p.* 432.)

1 Say, where is rapture's vision? Eyes on the Loved One bending,
More high than kingly splendour, Love's fane as bedesman tending.

2 Light 'twere, desire to sever forth from the soul, but natheless
Soul-friends depart asunder—there, there the pain transcending!

3 Fain in the garden budlike close-wrapped were I, thereafter
Frail reputation's vestment bloomlike asunder rending;

4 Now like the zephyr breathing love-tales in roses' hearing,
Now from the yearning bulbul love's myst'ry apprehending.

5 While yet the hand availeth, sweet lips to kiss delay not;
Else lip and hand thou bitest too late, when comes the ending.

6 Waste not the hour of friendship; outside this House of Two Doors
Friends soon shall part asunder, no more together wending.

7 Clean out of mind of Sultan Mansūr hath HAFIZ wandered;
Lord, bring him back the olden kind heart, the poor befriending.

XXV

– ◡ ◡ – ◡ – ◡ – || – ◡ ◡ – ◡ – ◡ –

Tāb-i banafsha mī-dihad turra-i mushk-sā-yi tu,
Parda-i ghuncha mī-darad khanda-i dil-kushā-yi tu.
(*No.* 472. *R. ii. p.* 476.)

1 Curled is the hair of hyacinth, jealous to match thy hair, for thee;
If but thy lips do sweetly smile, rose doth her vesture tear for thee.

2 Pierce not thy faithful bulbul's heart, rose of the fragrant breath, my rose;
Hark how I make through all the night, all in the night, my prayer for thee.

3 I that of old was sick to hear even the sound of angel voice,
Now the insensate wordly jeer, chatter and babble, bear for thee.

4 Worship of thee hath sealed my brow, dust of thy door my Eden now,
Love of thy cheek my life, I trow, all my desire is care for thee.

5 Cowl of the monk and bowl of wine, how shall the twain by man be wed?
Yet for the love I bear to thee, these to unite I dare for thee.

6 Lo, in the bedesman's tattered sleeve hidden is wealth beyond a king's;
Soon shall he climb the throne, who dares bedesman's attire to wear for thee.

7 Now is mine eye a kingly seat; there is thy picture's resting-place;
Yea, 'tis a seat of prayer, my king; be it not empty e'er for thee.

8 Like to a garden bower thy cheek, where in the beauty-tide of spring
Hafiz the sweet of tongue doth nest, trilling his music there for thee.

XXVI

⏑̄ ⏑ – – | ⏑ – ⏑ – | ⏑̄ ⏑̄ –

Ai ki dā'im ba khwīsh maghrūrī,
Chun tu-rā 'ishk nīst, ma'zūrī.
(*No.* 503. *R. iii. p.* 28.)

1 Man of Self, lifted up with endless pride,
We forgive thee—for Love to thee is denied.

2 Hover not round the raving lovers' haunts;
Take thy "Reason Supreme" for goal and guide!

3 What of Love's drunken frenzy knows that brain
That the grape's earthly juice alone hath plied?

4 Get a Moon-love, and teach thy heart to strive,
Though thy fame, like a sun, be spread world-wide.

5 'Tis the white face, the anguish-burdened sigh,
Tell the secrets the heart of love would hide.

6 Let the bowl clear the fumes that rack thy brain;
HAFIZ, drink deep, and name and fame be defied.

XXVII

– – ⏑ ⏑ – – – | – – ⏑ ⏑ – – –

"Mai khwāh u gul afshān kun; az dahr chi mī-jū'ī?"
In guft sahar-gah gul; bulbul, tu chi mī-gū'ī?
(*No.* 564. *R. iii. p.* 202.)

1 "What bounty shall Heav'n bestow? Drink wine; be the rose-leaf sprent."
So rose in the dawntide sang; sing, bulbul, a glad consent.

2 Bear forth to the lawn our throne; there, Saki and loved one by,
Press lips upon lips and cheek, quaff wine and the rose bow'r scent.

3 Whose heart do the rose-bud lips make glad with a laugh this day?
Why quit me, O rose-bud spray? Whereto are thy footsteps bent?

4 Pace hither, O myrtle form; give thought to the roses' realm;
Come forth, that the cypress' pride take lesson in blandishment.

5 This day is the mart filled full; thronged buyers about thee press;
Why tarry to take thy gain, full lightly on life's road spent?

6 All bare to the wayward winds burns beauty, as tapers burn;
Put forth to the use thy stock, take profit of goods well lent.

7 That ringlet, a hundredfold more sweet than the Tartar's musk,
Well 'twere, did the perfume breathe yet sweeter for kind intent.

8 Each bird with a song came down, made melody round our King;
Bulbul with a ballad came, HAFIZ with a pray'r content.

XXVIII

- ᴗ - ᴗ | - - - || - ᴗ - ᴗ | - - -

Vakt-rā ghanīmat dān ān kadar ki bitvānī
Hāsil az hayāt, ai jān, īn dam ast, tā dānī.
(*No.* 568. *R. iii. p.* 210.)

1 Seize the hour, for time flies fast; seize the hour, for yet ye may;
Take the boon of life, my soul; take it now, for yet 'tis day.

2 Strive to live; from Fortune's hand win the gift so hard bestowed;
High the cost of Heaven's grace; life the price we needs must pay.

3 Hear the counsel lovers give; enter in the gates of joy;
Shall the care of this doomed world all the joy of love outweigh?

4 Thou that hast the garden's charge, when from out the world I pass,
Save that lovely cypress-form, plant no cypress o'er my clay.

5 Comes the sour ascetic nigh, hush, no word of toping speak;
Save the leech the secret knows, shall we all the pain display?

6 As thou walk'st along thy path, blood galore that eyelash spills;
Hasty steps may some day fall; fear to stumble, heed thy way!

7 'Twas the grace of One Name erst dow'red with might Sulaiman's seal;
In that Name, O honey-sweet, all the night for thee we pray.

8 Torn away my Joseph dear; mercy, mercy, brethren mine;
All the woe of Canaan's sire once again my woes portray.

9 Strayed is HAFIZ; ah, be kind; gently lead the lost one back;
In thy straying ringlet's curl make a home for hearts astray.

NOTES

I

THIS ode, like No. II, is not included in the Bulak edition, and its authenticity has therefore been doubted. In the present state of the text of Hafiz, however, such an omission hardly raises even a presumption of spuriousness. The ode is a particular favourite in India, even more than among the Persians, whose poetical taste differs much from that of the Indians.

6. With some hesitation I have used "fairy" in place of the *peri* of the original; though the two words are metrically equivalent in English, it is intolerable to the Persian ear to hear *pĕrí* scanned as a trochee instead of an iambus. The conception of the *peri* is near enough to that of a fairy to render the substitution permissible.

III

4. The glass of Alexander, sometimes a mirror, sometimes a bowl, is identical with the cup of Jam, or Jamshid, which plays so large a part in Persian imagery. This magic glass reflected in its surface all that was passing on the earth; by its aid Alexander was able to foresee all the movements of Darius, and so to conquer him. Allegorically the glass of Alexander, or bowl of Jamshid, means the intuition into the truth of the Universe, gained by union with the Godhead through the ecstasy of intoxication, literal or mystical.

5. This is, of course, an appeal to the generosity of Hafiz' patron at the moment.

6. The somewhat obscure second line is explained to mean "Treat all alike with civility; friends with real, foes with assumed kindness."

7. The morning draught, the cure for "hot coppers," is the sign of the abandoned toper. The bulbul sings all night through to keep the frequenters of the tavern awake in readiness to drink at dawn.

9. It was Mohammed himself who called wine the "dam of abominations." The saying is here attributed to the anonymous "Sufi" *only* from obvious motives of piety—or policy.

10. Kārūn, the Korah of the Bible, is the Mohammedan Crœsus. The Koran says that the keys alone of his treasure-houses made burdens for several men.

11. Hafiz has been appointed from the creation of the world to be a wine-drinker, and this must be his excuse before the orthodox teachers for whom abstinence has been foreordained.

IV

This ode is perhaps the most famous of all that Hafiz has written; though here again the reputation of it stands higher in India than in Persia. The well-known story must be retold, how when Timur the Tartar conquered Shiraz, he sent for Hafiz, and said: "So you are the man who offered to give away my two great cities of Samarcand and Bokhara for a mole on the cheek of your fair?" "Yes," replied Hafiz, "and it is through such extravagant generosity that I am now reduced to soliciting your highness's largess." Timur was pleased by the repartee, and sent Hafiz away with a handsome present. For a variant of the retort see E. G. Browne's "A Year Among the Persians," p. 360. The tale is but a myth, for Timur did not conquer Shiraz till two years at least after Hafiz' death.

1. A black mole is to the Persian, by a poetical convention at least, an incomparable "beauty-spot," and outvies a mistress's eyebrow in inspiring the lover's sonnet. Mr. Browne most ingeniously suggests that the original idea was to praise a *defect*, and thus avert the evil eye, the "eye of perfection" of the Arabs, which would cast its spell on every perfect thing. For the same reason intentional mistakes are introduced into the patterns of carpets, etc. The Turks were regarded as the most beautiful and most blood-thirsty of human beings, and thus the name comes to be used generally for any cruel beauty.

2. Musallā is a spot near Shiraz, watered by the streams of Ruknābad, and a favourite resort in the cool of the evening for townsmen wearied with the heat of the city. About a mile from Musallā Hafiz was buried, and his tomb remains to this day.

3. The Lūlīs were a wandering race living a gipsy life in Persia; they, like the Turks, were famed for their beauty, and the two names are for poetical purposes interchangeable. The "plunder-banquet" of the Turks was, we are told, an established custom; at intervals the soldiers were set to fight for their food, that they might not forget, even in time of peace, that plunder was the great business of life.

6. Joseph often recurs in poetry as the type of beauty, and his separation from his father stands for the parting of lover and beloved. Zulaikhā is the name of Potiphar's wife.

V

4. The Hostel of Two Doors is life, with its gates of birth and death. It is perhaps necessary to mention this because the thought is different from that of Khayyam, now familiar to English readers, and rendered more closely than usual by Fitzgerald, "this battered Caravanserai, whose portals are alternate Night and Day."

5. In the day of creation God called together the souls

whom He had made, and asked them, "*Alastu* birabbikum,"
"Am I not your Lord?" And they answered, "*Balá*,"
"Yea verily." This is the "vow of Alast," the eternal compact which binds man to obedience to his Maker; and the day of Alast is the day of creation. But *Balá* means not only "Yea verily"; it means also "Sorrow," and on this Hafiz plays. His line runs literally, "By force of the *Yea* they bound the compact of Alast to *Sorrow*"; the gift of life which they accepted in the covenant was but a gift of woe. I have endeavoured feebly to reproduce the play of words.

7. Solomon was blessed with three privileges among others: he could ride on the wind, he knew the language of birds, and he had for his Grand Vizier the sage Asaph, Asaph of the Psalms, famous especially for his wise conduct of the kingdom through the troublous time when Solomon's seal, to which he owed his superhuman powers, was in the possession of Sakhr the Genie, who had stolen it—through the carelessness, it must be added, of Asaph himself.

VII

5. The lily, with her ten tongues, the stamens, is to the Persian poet the type of free speech, and is often called the "free lily." (In this phrase, however, "free" means "noble"; cf. Josephus, "Ant. Jud.," δέκα τῶν ἐλευθέρων λεγομένων. E. G. B.)

VIII

1.

> "Fair are others; none beholds thee,
> But thy voice sounds low and tender."

Hafiz is in this ode as mystical as Shelley. Couplet 4 may remind us of

> "Lamp of Earth! Where'er thou movest,
> Its dim shapes are clad with brightness."

none of that sublime attempt to voice the ineffable, though it soars to heights far beyond Hafiz, may serve to remind us that what is in Persia called Sufiism is no more than a partial attempt to formulate yearnings and intuitions common to man the whole world over. Hafiz boldly utters the words of vision in which the inner meaning of Islam and Christianity blend in one; Shelley takes us to regions where such names have lost all meaning.

5. The *nākūs* is a wooden gong, the *σημάντρα* of the Greeks under Mohammedan rule, sounded to call the Christians to prayer; for the church-going bell was forbidden by the laws of Islam.

IX

7. The Mihrab, the arched niche in the mosque where the Imām prays before the congregation with his face turned to Mecca, is the nearest approach to a high altar known to Mohammedanism.

9. The long locks of the Beloved are contrasted with the shortness of the praise which the lover can bestow upon them. To be worthy of them his praise should last till Doomsday.

X

5. The Mohammedans say that Abraham's father was named Azar, which in Persian means "fire," and that he was a maker of idols, and hence conclude that idolatry and fire-worship were the prevalent religions of that time. Nimrod, the king of the day, caused Abraham to be cast into a great fire, which was miraculously turned into a rose garden. Hence the fire of Nimrod which enflames the tulip.

8. Imad-ud-Din was, of course, the Vizier of the day. See note on Ode V, 7.

XI

The goblet of Jamshid, formed of seven magical rings, has been already explained, with its mystic sense, in the note on III. The shipwrecked of the sea-shore are, of course, the professors of orthodox religion. The *pīr*—literally old man, *Shaikh*, or religious teacher—of the Magians is a character often met with in Hafiz. He is a personification of Sufi doctrine rather than any actual person, though some see in him the teacher whom Hafiz is recorded to have followed in youth, Shaikh Mahmūd Attār. The Magians are identified with the Sufis, and often with Christians or Jews, both as followers of an older religion than Islam, and as drinkers of wine. With a convenient ambiguity the *pīr* of the Magians is also the *pīr* of the tavern, the "Wine-house Master" of XX.

6. The "friend who exalted the gallows" was one Hallāj, an enthusiast and missionary, who was tortured and crucified for heresy in the year 921 A.D. at Baghdad. The essence of his doctrine was the identity of the human soul with the divine, expressed in the formula, "I am the Godhead." His offence, Hafiz says, was not that he preached a false doctrine, but that he published to the world the great truth which should be kept only for the initiate.

8. Reason to-day struggles with her false tricks to blind men to the true miracles of Insight, as of old the magician Sāmirī set up to rival the divine miracles of Moses and his rod. One of the miracles with which Moses outbid the Egyptian sorcerers was that he placed his hand within his robe, and drew it forth shining with a dazzling light. Sāmirī was also an alchemist, and made the golden calf; he is the eponymus of the tribe of the Samaritans.

10. This obscure couplet may be fairly interpreted in mystic terms. In its outward sense it works out the antithesis, a favourite one in Persian, of the chain and the mad-

man who is bound by it. In the esoteric sense the Locks of the Beloved are the visible attributes of God in nature, which, like a long veil of hair, partly hide and partly reveal the face behind them. "Why," asks Hafiz, "are those veils there to bar the perfect vision?" The answer is, "They are as chains to bind the mad yearnings of the soul not yet grown worthy to bear the light of the ineffable glory."

> "Life of Life! Thy lips enkindle
>   With their love the breath between them;
> And thy smiles before they dwindle
>   Make the cold air fire; then screen them
> In those locks, where whoso gazes
> Faints entangled in their mazes."

I do not know to whom is due the brilliant emendation *locks* for the *looks* of the authoritative editions of Shelley. About the rightness of it I imagine there can hardly be two opinions.

XII

2. The sea in which Hafiz swims is that made by his briny tears; the saving hook of the Beloved is none other than the curl of his ringlets.

3. The *muhtasib*, or "reeve," was primarily the inspector of weights and measures. But he was charged with a general power to enforce the laws against wine-drinking and other offences against the minor morals as well as over false measures. The "drunken" eye to a Persian poet means only a languishing eye; the conceit of the couplet is that the eye of the Beloved is so "drunken" that it should be taken in charge by the police.

5. The "Wine of Heaven" is literally the "Wine or Alast," foreordained to Hafiz on the day of the original covenant. See note on V, 5.

XIII

1. The dark marks at the base of the tulip petals typify the brand marks with which the flames of love sear the heart.

5. The thought is, I suppose, that as the day dawns the taper with which Hafiz is watching is deserted by the moth, as Hafiz by his beloved.

7. The crow is clearly, to Hafiz as to Pindar, a rival in the poetic art.

XIV

The metre of this ode is the traditional epic measure; that used, for instance, by Firdausi in the "Shahnamah." There, of course, each couplet rhymes within itself only. I must make a special appeal to the benevolent reader to do his best to prevent the metre falling into a lumbering anapæstic jingle—a tendency which I find almost incurable to the point that I have been tempted to omit the translation altogether. Fortunately Hafiz has not again used this metre.

I have followed in translation, not the text of Brockhaus, but a manuscript of my own, which gives an additional couplet, 7, and has two material variations of reading in 1 and 6, both, I think, for the better.

5. Aristō is none other than our friend Aristotle.

9. Here again the bowl is literally "the bowl of Alast."

XV

4. The name of Jesus or the Messiah in Persian poetry almost always conveys an allusion to a physician. Jesus is the prophet who, by his wonder-working breath, brought the dead to life, not, of course, the Saviour. Hence "Messiah-breathing" is almost an *epitheton ornans* of the skilful leech. "There is a Persian physician now, whom I met two years ago, on whom the title of 'Messiah of the kingdom' has been conferred" (E. G. B.).

XVI

3. The second line runs literally, "What cheer for the cheerless when the sentence (*firmān*) arriveth not"; explained to mean that the boon of death is not vouchsafed by God, and religion forbids suicide.

4. The Koran tells how Jacob's eyes grew "white" and blind for weeping; his sight was restored when Joseph's coat was brought back from Egypt by his brethren and cast over their father's head.

XVII

This ode, so Anacreontic in form and spirit, was written on the occasion of one of the periodical edicts which enforced the laws against wine-drinking.

4. The first line contains one of the purely verbal antitheses, between *bitter* and *sweet*, so dear to the Persian poet. Wine is always to him tart and bitter; sweetmeat, *halvā*, is the reward, literally a *douceur*, given to the man who brings back lost property.

XVIII

This ode is in immediate contrast to the foregoing, being written on the occasion of an opening of the taverns by the notoriously lax and dissipated Shah Shuja.

6. The "ring in the ear" is the mark of slavery.

XIX

8. The "Angel Guard" is the mythical Khizr, the "Green Old Man," who had drunk of the Water of Life, and is confused with Elijah and St. George. There is a story that Hafiz, who always speaks of him as a patron saint, had won his favour in youth by long vigils in a fane of his.

XXII.

This ode was written during Hafiz' sojourn at Yezd, where he had gone on the invitation of the Sultan. This appears to have been the only journey which ever took him for any length of time away from Shiraz (see XIX, 7); the experience was never repeated, as he suffered during his absence nót only from the misery of home-sickness here expressed, but, according to his own account, from a niggardly treatment little according with the invitation he had received.

3. The Protector is Khizr, the Angel Guard of XIX.

7. This couplet illustrates a curious conceit, singularly frigid to our minds, but much cultivated in Persian poetry—the introduction of the elements in rhetorical relation. Three out of the four are brought in here, air, water and earth; and the lines thus possess an elegance which the uninstructed Occidental would never suspect.

9. Zuhra is the planet Venus, the *Anāhita* or *Nāhīd* of the old Persian mythology, and the lute-player of the heavens.

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